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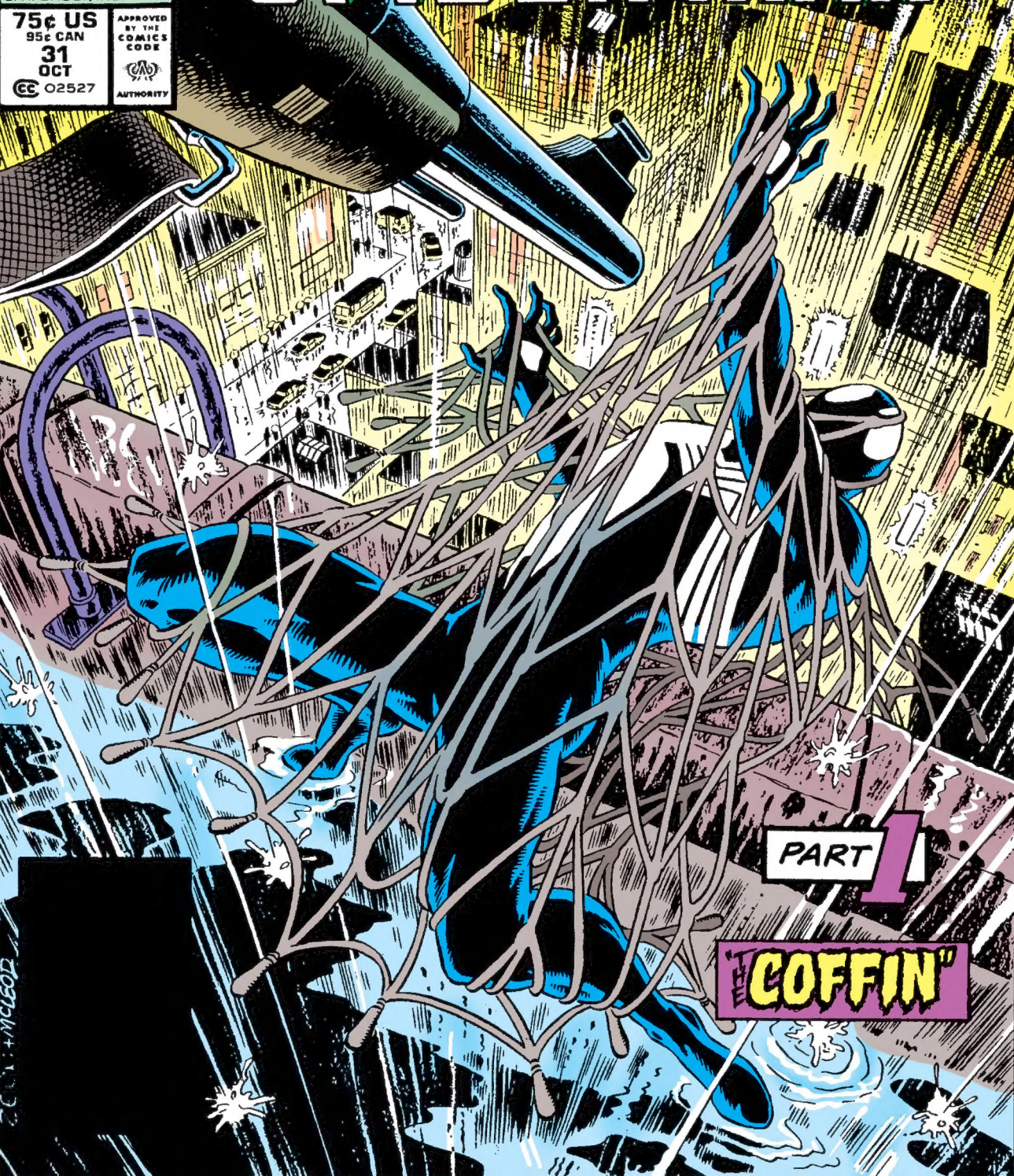
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BEGINNING THIS ISSUE--  
A SPECIAL 6-PART SAGA!

# SPIDER-MAN®



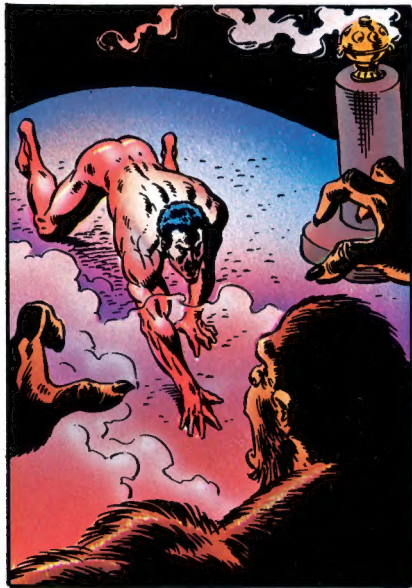
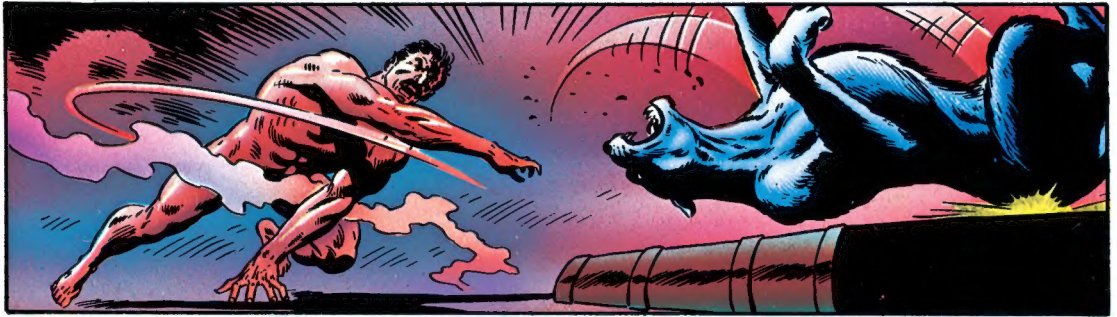
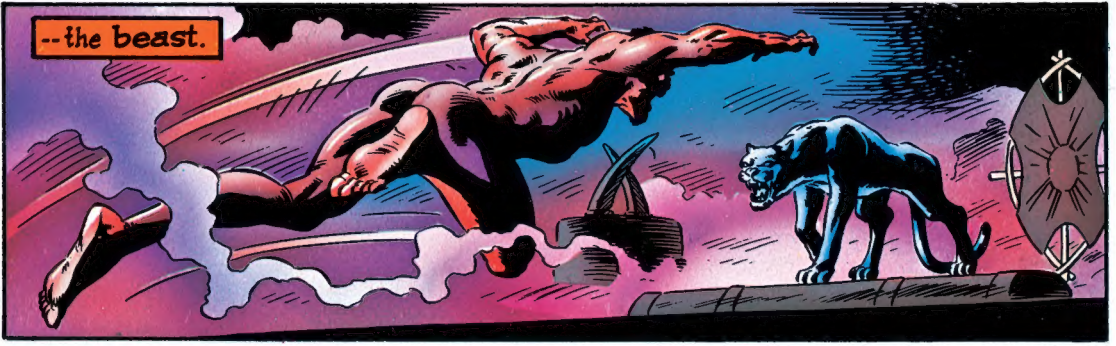
PART 1

**THE COFFIN**

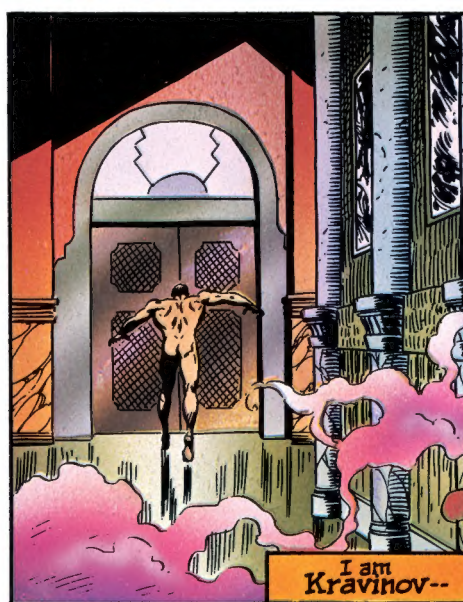
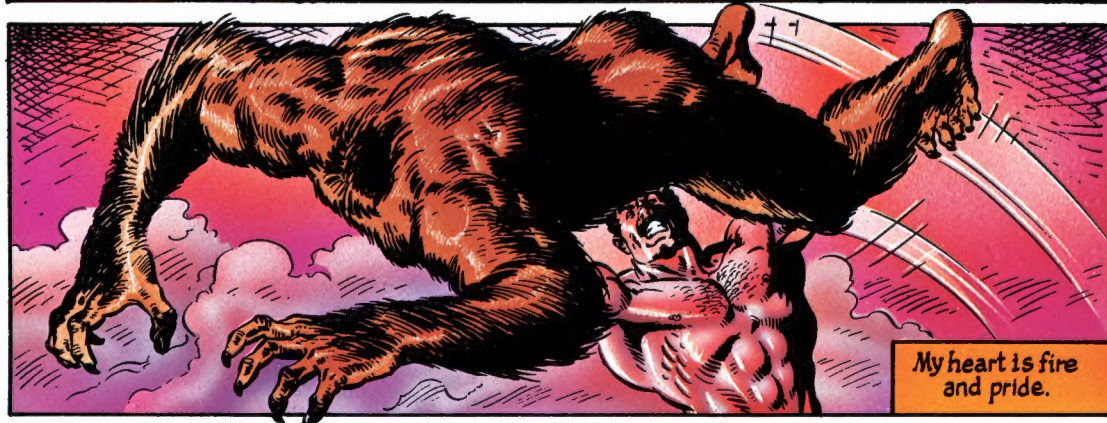
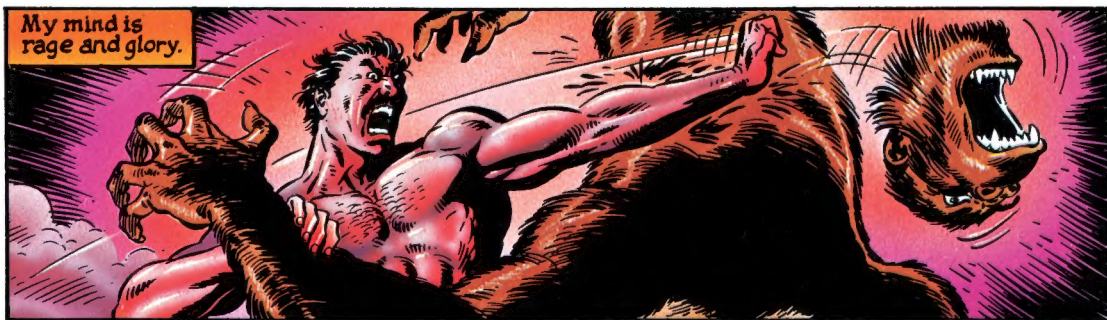














--the *man*.

An *old* man, now--though few would believe it.

Just a *child* when my parents came to this country, shortly after the overthrow of the Czar--some seventy odd years ago.

There was no more *room* in Russia for aristocrats. For culture. For *honor*.

For human dignity.

But all those things were bred in my bones, long before the Trotskys and Lenins dragged my homeland into the pit.

Dignity? Honor? Where are such qualities today? All the *world*, it seems, has followed Russia's sad example.

Were my parents alive today, they would look upon this frightened, wounded animal called civilization without recognition--and with great *fear*.

And great *disgust*.

I am *KRAVEN*--

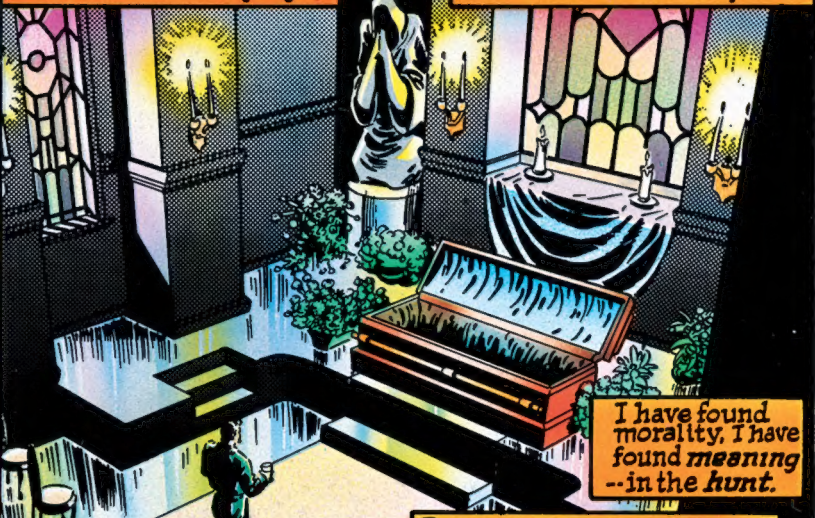


--the **HUNTER**.



I have found dignity, not in the cities, but in the jungles.

I have found honor, not in the civilized, but in the *primal*.



I have found morality, I have found *meaning* --in the *hunt*.

But I cannot escape Time forever: Herbs and roots and potions cannot rejuvenate a dying spirit--or heal a heart crushed by the weight of a corrupted Age.

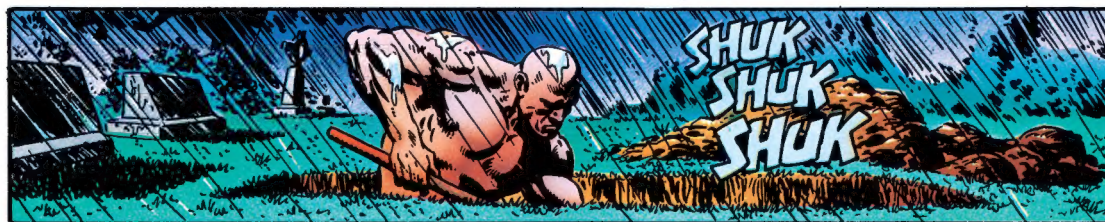
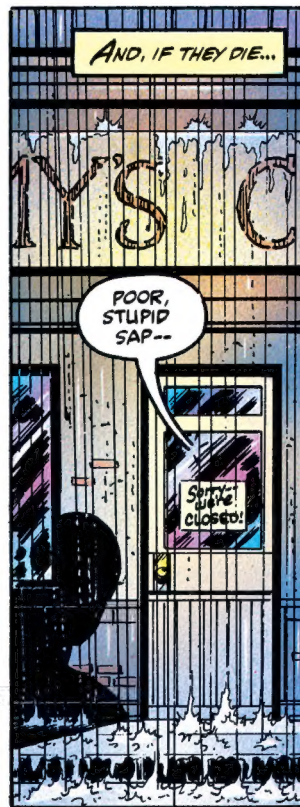
I will die soon. I *must* die soon.



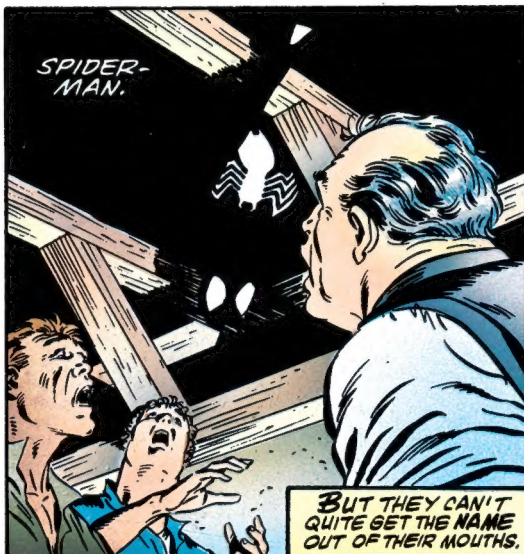
*But not yet.*



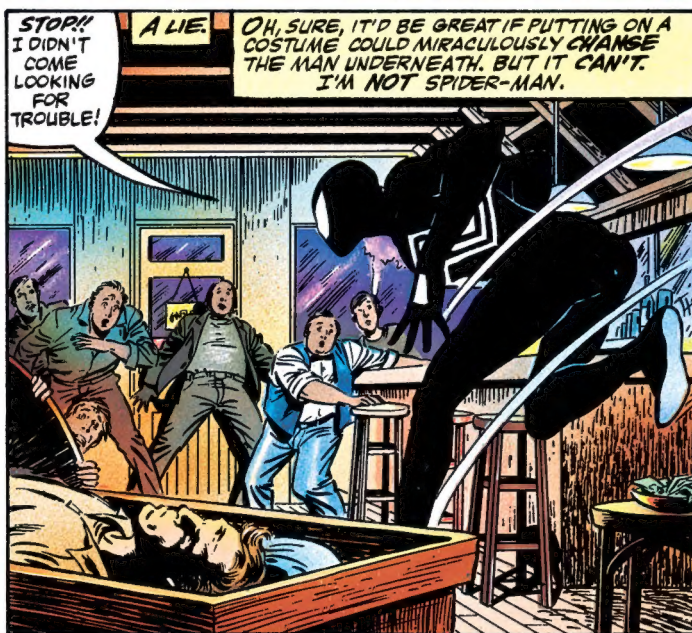
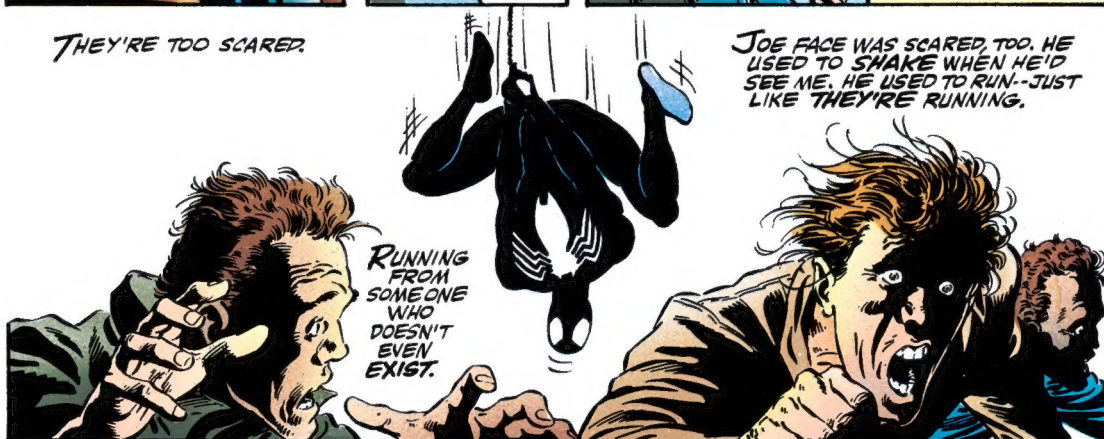




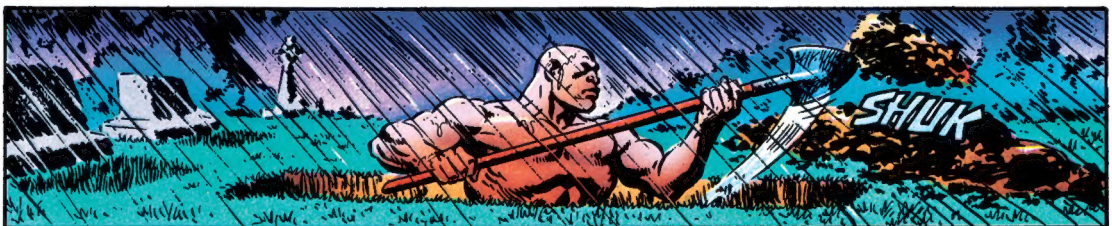
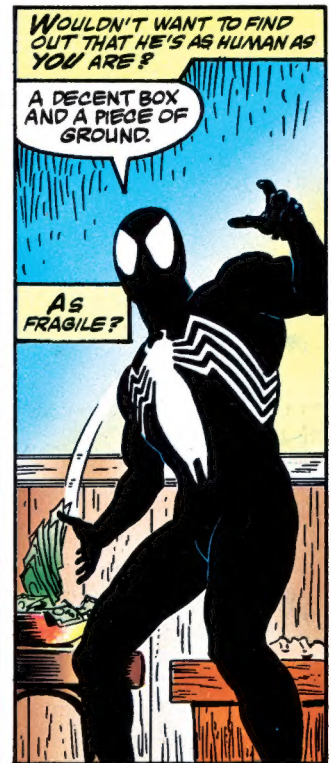
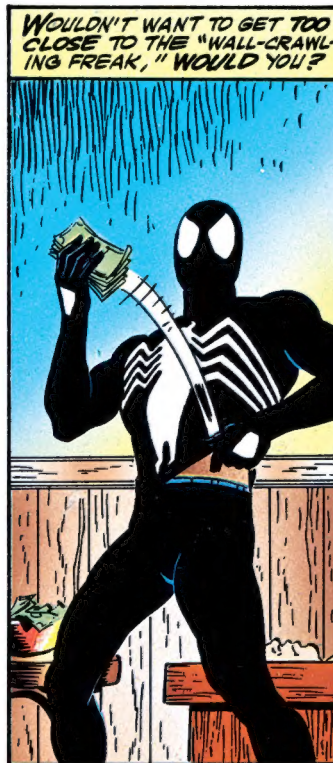
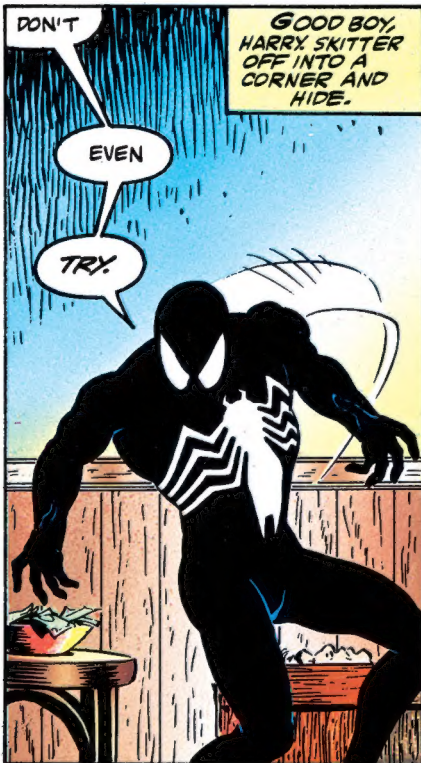
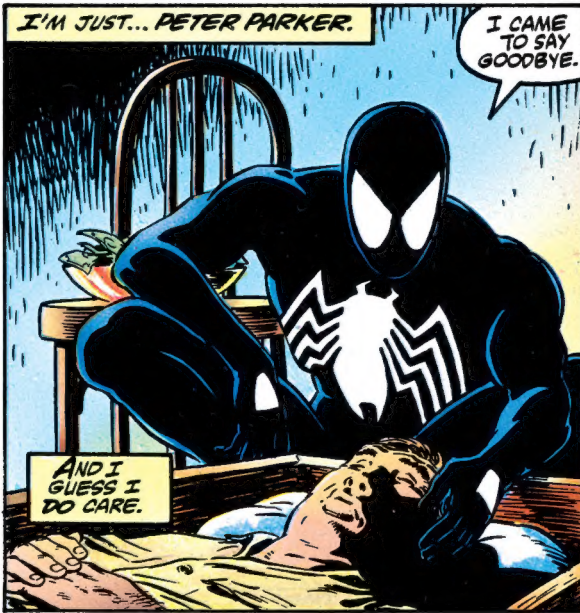




THEY'RE TOO SCARED.









AS SCARED OF DYING?

THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

YESTERDAY, NED LEEDS. TODAY, JOE FACE. TOMORROW...

AUNT MAY? MARY JANE?

ME?

FUNNY. I'M OUT THERE FACING DEATH EVERY DAY AS SPIDER-MAN-- BUT I NEVER REALLY THINK ABOUT IT. GUESS I DON'T LET MYSELF.

YET SO MANY PEOPLE I LOVE HAVE DIED BEFORE THEIR TIME: UNCLE BEN, CAPTAIN STACY, GWEN-- NOW NED...

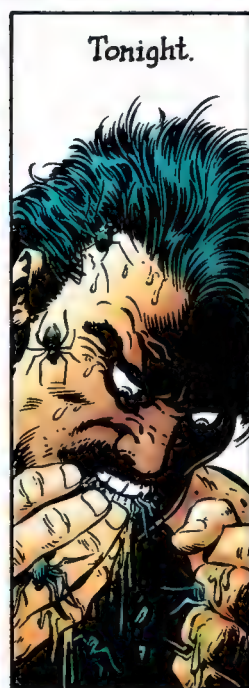
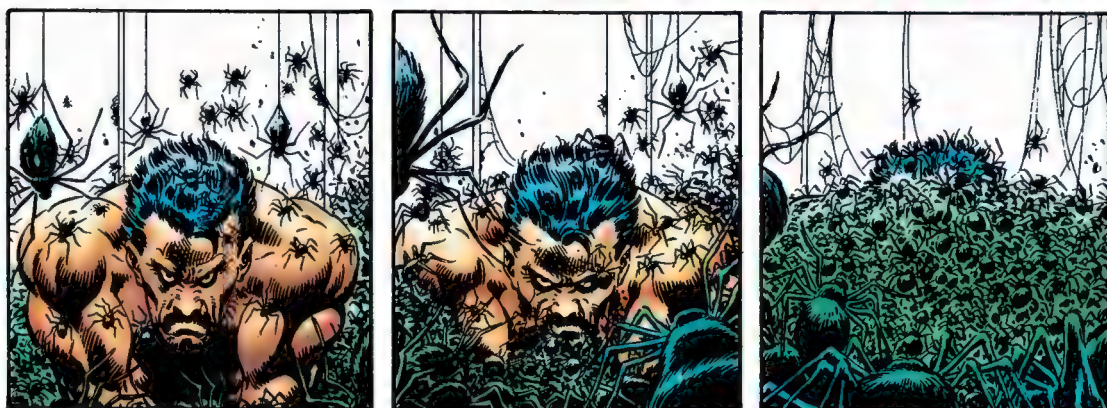
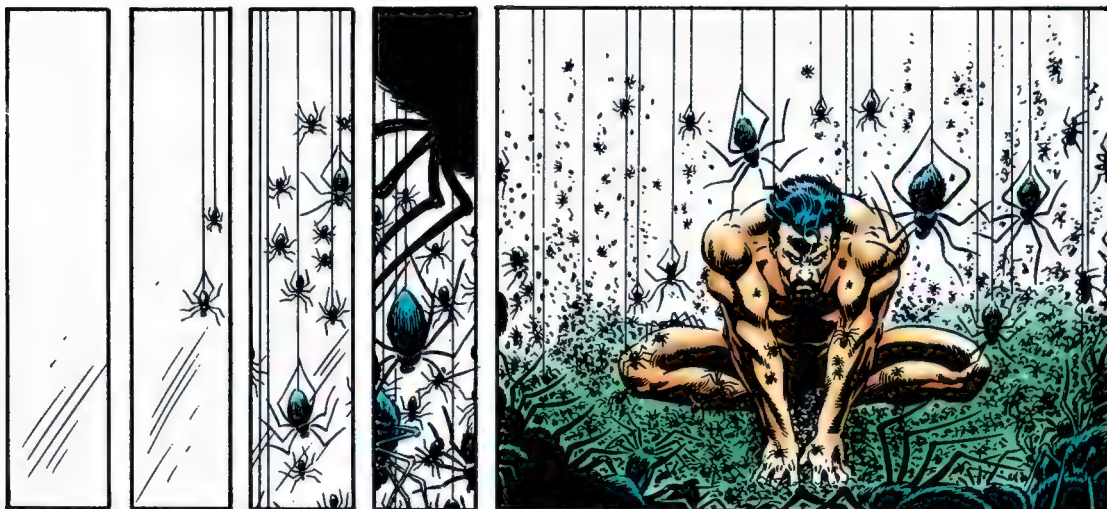
DO I THINK I'M SOMEHOW IMMUNE?

I'M GOING TO DIE.

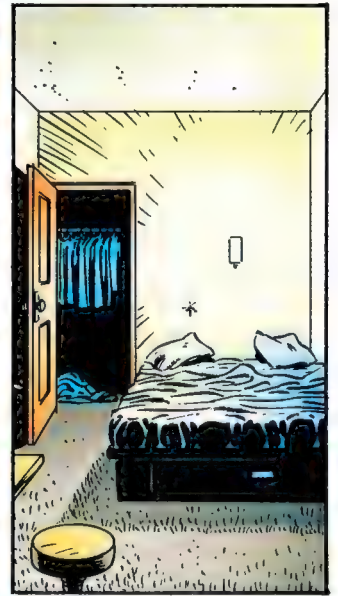
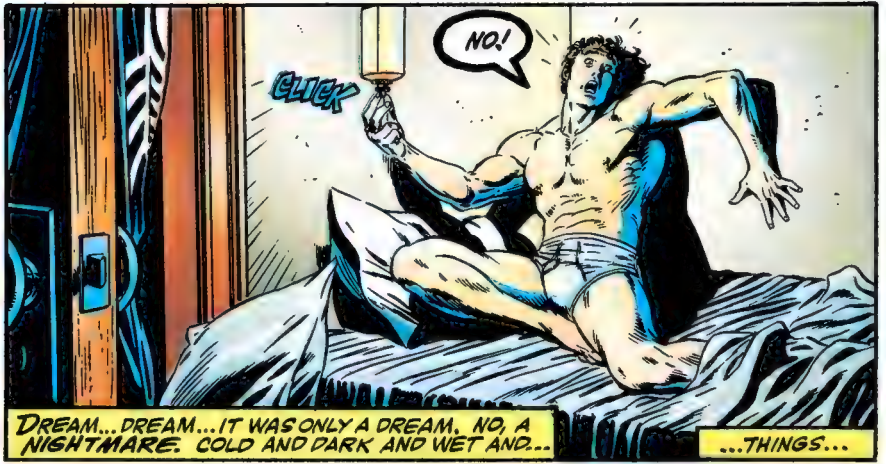
CLICK

BUT NOT YET.

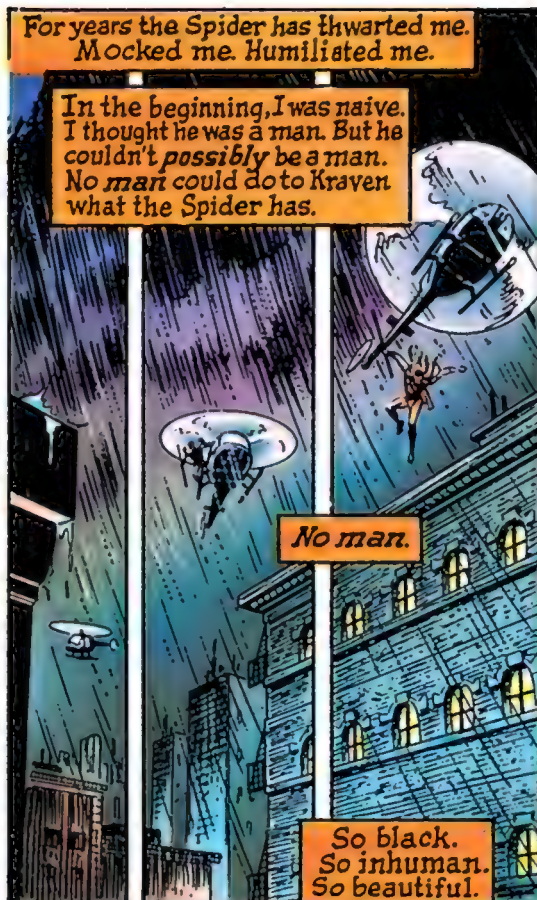




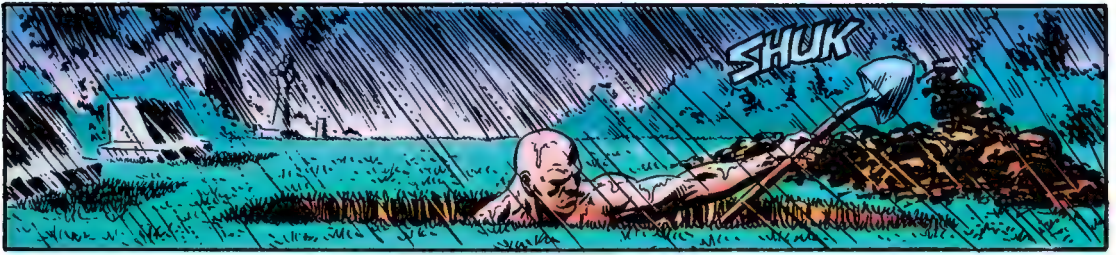












OKAY, PARKER-- LET'S GET REAL.

EVER SINCE NED DIED, YOU'VE BEEN UPSET. REALLY UPSET.

SO

THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED. THAT'S NORMAL.

SO WHY

AND WHAT YOU'RE FEELING NOW... IT'S NOT SURPRISING. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL. YOU'VE BEEN ON THE MOVE CONSTANTLY.

AND SEEING JOE FACE TONIGHT DIDN'T HELP THINGS ANY.

SO WHY AM I SO SURE THAT

YOUR NERVES ARE SHOT. YOU'RE DOG-TIRED. YOU'RE PROBABLY COMING DOWN WITH THE FLU.

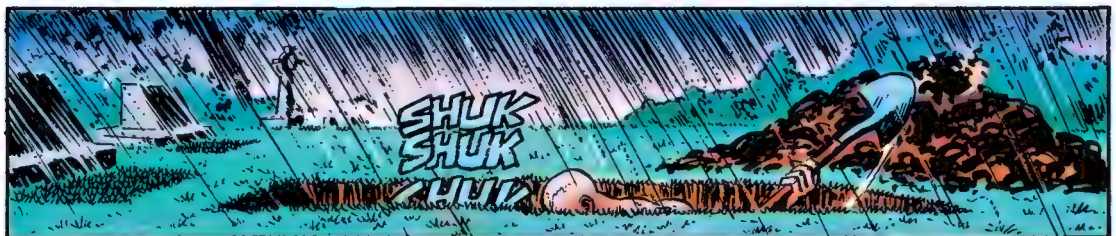
aid

ILLS BUGS DEAD

ERE THEY HIDE!

SO WHY AM I SO SURE THAT SOMETHING'S OUT THERE.

THAT SOMETHING'S WAITING FOR ME.

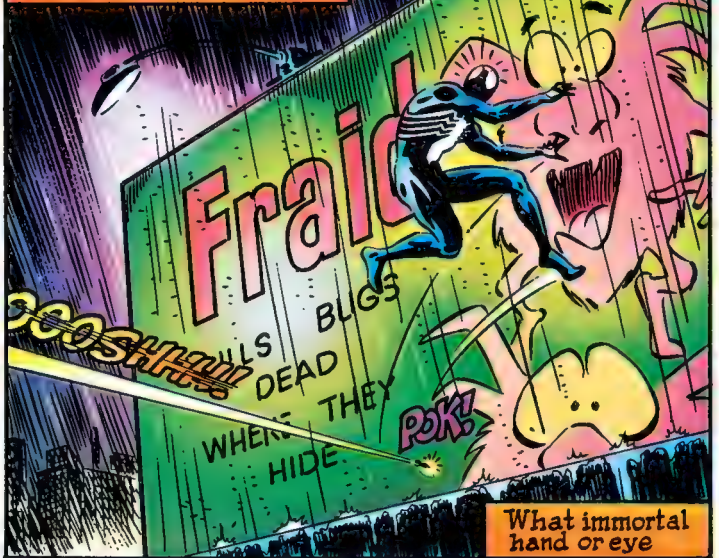




Spyder! Spyder! burning bright

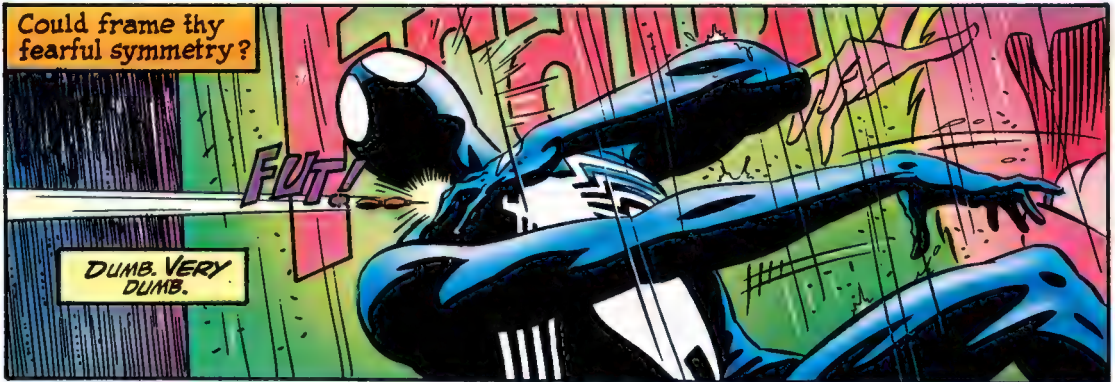


In the forests of the night,



What immortal hand or eye

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?



DUMB. VERY DUMB.

MY SPIDER-SENSE WARNED ME IN TIME. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DODGE THAT SECOND DART. BUT I WAS SLOPPY. NO--

DART?



--I WAS--

DART?

--SCARED.

DART?

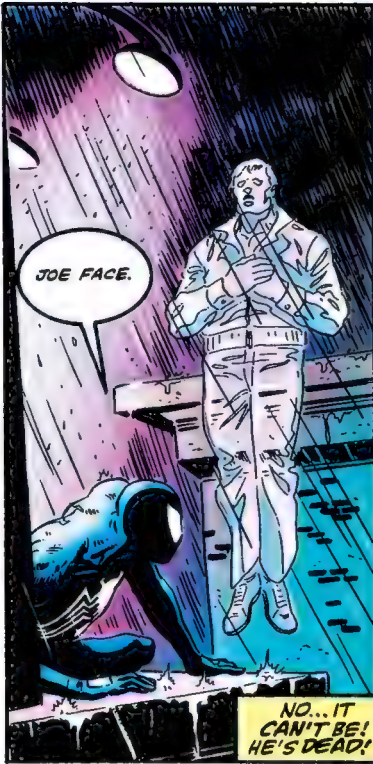


OF COURSE!!



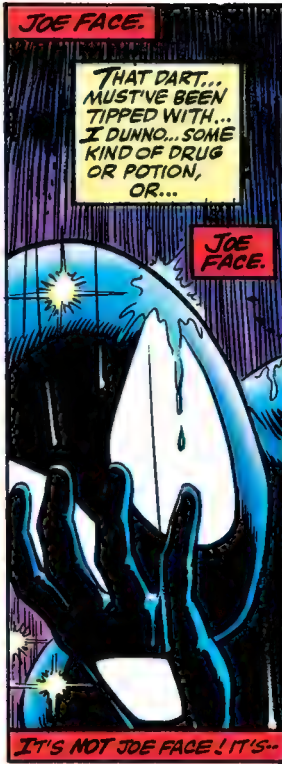
IT'S GOTTA BE HIM!





JOE FACE.

NO... IT  
CAN'T BE!  
HE'S DEAD!

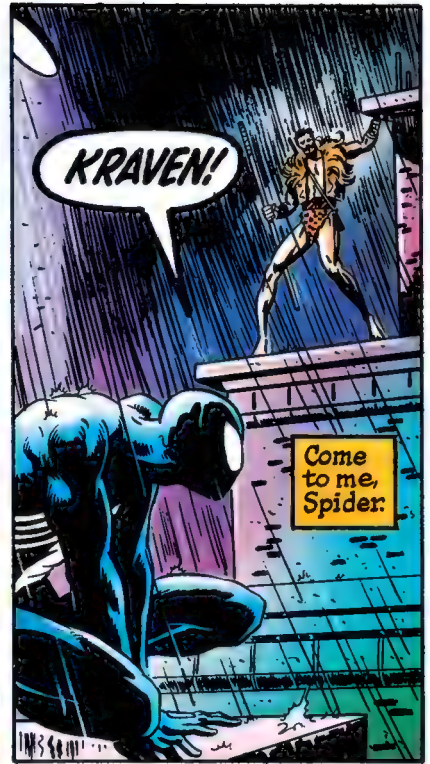


JOE FACE.

THAT DART...  
MUST'VE BEEN  
TIPPED WITH...  
I DUNNO... SOME  
KIND OF DRUG  
OR POTION,  
OR...

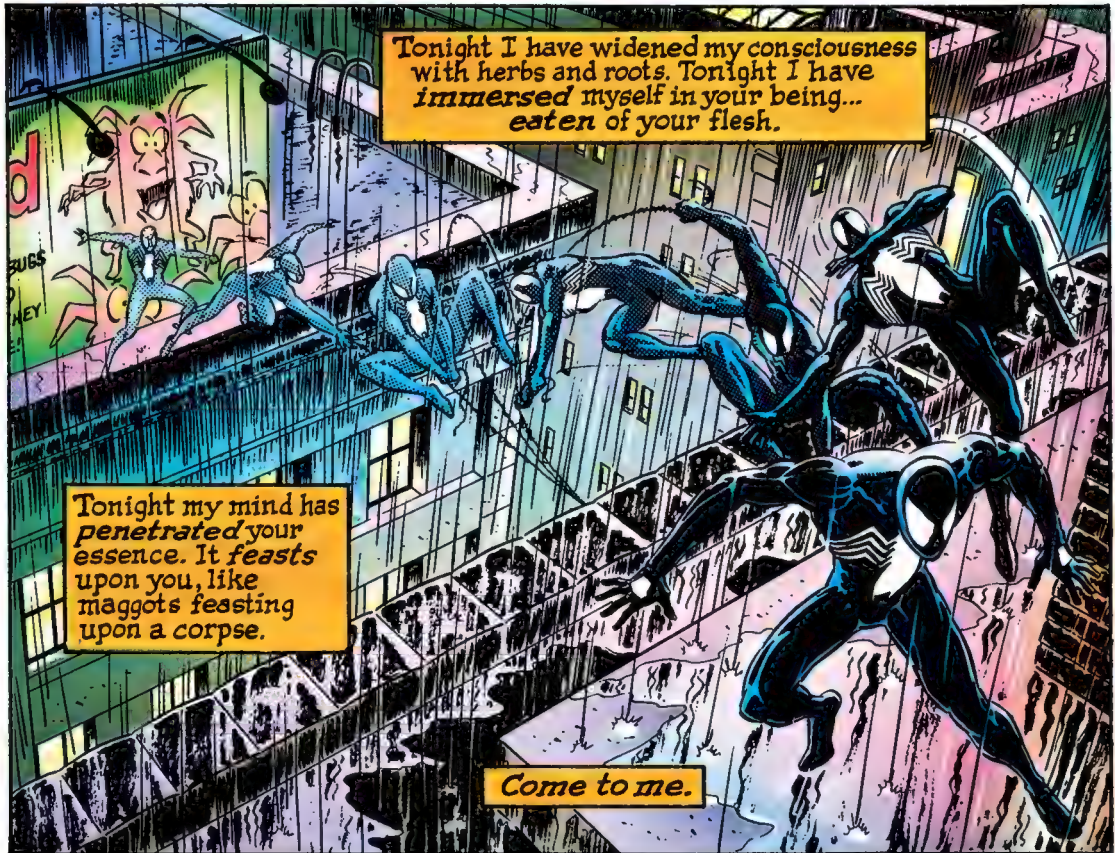
JOE  
FACE.

IT'S NOT JOE FACE! IT'S--



KRAVEN!

Come  
to me,  
Spider.



Tonight I have widened my consciousness  
with herbs and roots. Tonight I have  
*immersed* myself in your being...  
*eaten* of your flesh.

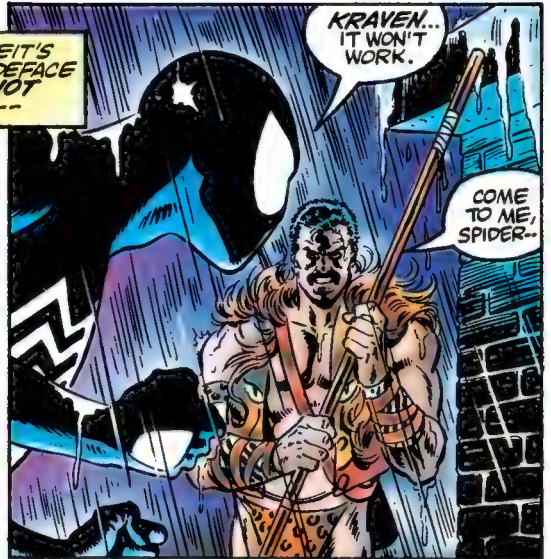
Tonight my mind has  
*penetrated* your  
essence. It *feasts*  
upon you, like  
maggots feasting  
upon a corpse.

Come to me.



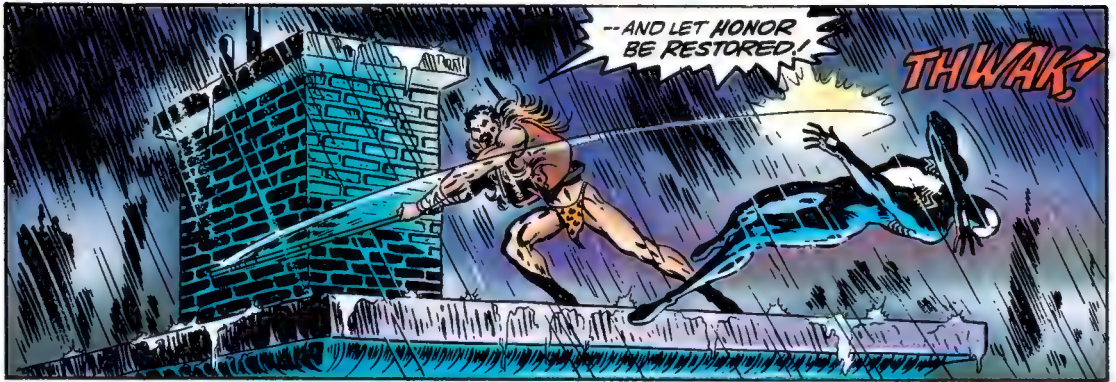


IT'S NOT JOE FACE IT'S  
KRAVEN! IT'S NOT JOE FACE  
IT'S KRAVEN! IT'S NOT  
JOE FACE IT'S--



KRAVEN...  
IT WON'T  
WORK.

COME  
TO ME,  
SPIDER--

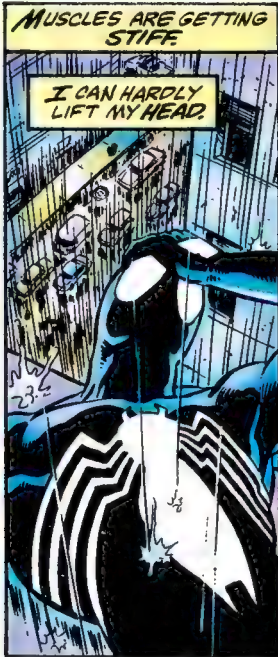


-- AND LET HONOR  
BE RESTORED!

THWAK!



THAT'S TWICE  
I LET HIM CATCH  
ME. WHAT THE  
DEVIL'S WRONG  
WITH ME?



MUSCLES ARE GETTING  
STIFF

I CAN HARDLY  
LIFT MY HEAD.



OH, HE'S DRUGGED  
ME, ALL RIGHT. BUT IF I CAN  
JUST HANG IN FOR A LITTLE WHILE,  
MY RECUPERATIVE POWERS SHOULD  
THROW OFF THE EFFECTS BEFORE TOO.



**TERRIFIC.**

DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS NET IS MADE OF-- BUT IT'S SOMETHING I'D HAVE TROUBLE WITH AT FULL STRENGTH.

**HEADACHE'S GETTING WORSE.**



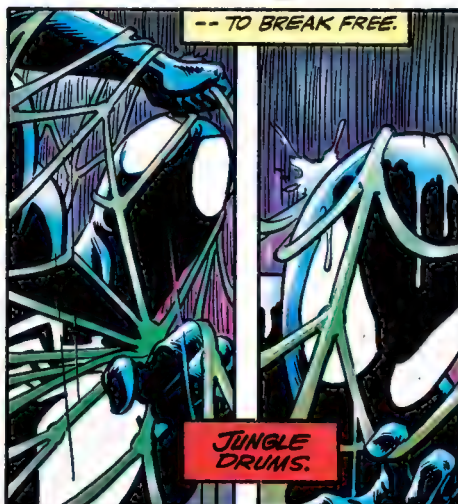
AND THE WAY I'M FEELING NOW, IT COULD TAKE ME ALL NIGHT--



**DRUMS.**



-- TO BREAK FREE.



**JUNGLE DRUMS.**

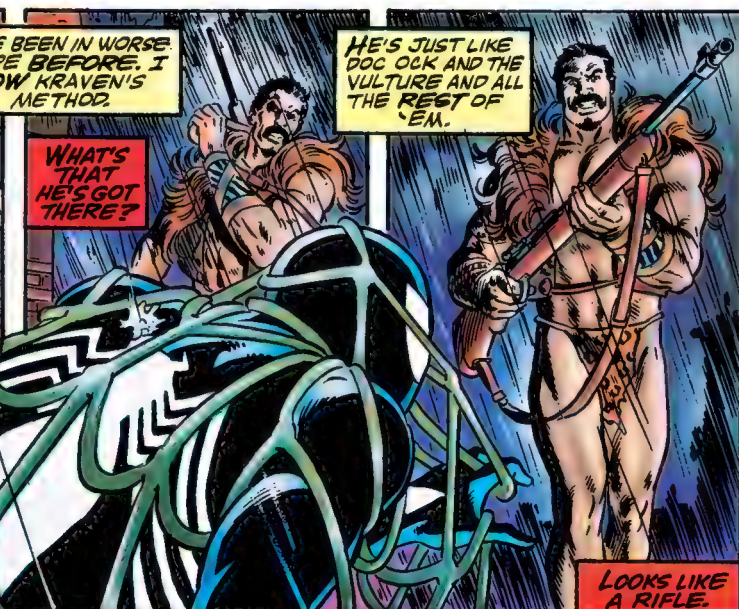
OKAY, SO MAYBE IT WILL TAKE ALL NIGHT.



I'VE BEEN IN WORSE SHAPE BEFORE. I KNOW KRAVEN'S METHOD.

**WHAT'S THAT HE'S GOT THERE?**

HE'S JUST LIKE DOC OCK AND THE VULTURE AND ALL THE REST OF 'EM.



**LOOKS LIKE A RIFLE.**



HE'S GONNA PACK ME OFF TO SOME SECRET HIDEOUT, SPEND A COUPLE OF HOURS RANTING AND RAVING--

A RIFLE?

-- AND, WHILE HE DOES, I'LL FIND A WAY TO BEAT HIS SMIRKING FACE RIGHT INTO THE--

